

# The Toconino Sun.

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## FOOLIN' WIF DE SEASONS.

Seems lak folks is mighty cur'us in de way dey thinks an' ae's;  
Dey jes spen' days a-mixin' up de dates in almanacs.  
Now I mind my next-do' neighbor; he's a mighty likely man,  
But he never thinks of 'o nuffin only but to plot an' plan.

All de winter he was plannin' how he'd gether sassafras  
Jes ez soon ez evah springtime put some greenness in de grass;  
An' he 'lowed, a little sooner, he could stan' a cooler breeze,  
So 's to mek a little money f'om de sugahwatah trees.

In de summah he'd be wearin' out de linin' of his soul  
Try'n to ca'kilate an' figger how he'd git his winter's coal;  
'Twel I b'lieve he got his judgment jes so tucked out an' thinned  
Dat he 'tought a robin's whistle was de whistle of de wind!

Why won't folks gin up dey plannin', an' jes be content to know  
Dat dey's gittin' all dat's fu' dem in de days dat come an' go?  
Why don't folks quit movin' forrad?  
Ain't it better jes to stan'?  
An' be satisfied wif livin' in de season dat's at han'?

Hit's enough fu' me to listen when de bird is singin' roun',  
'Dout a-guessin' whut 'll happen when de snow is on de groun'.  
In de springtime an' de summah I lay sorrer on de she'l.  
'Caus I know ol' Mistah Winter gwine to hustle fu' hisse'l.

We been put hyeah fu' a pu'pose; but de question dat has riz,  
An' made lots o' people differ, is jes what dat pu'pose is.  
Now, accordin' to my reas'nin', hyeah 's de place whah I's arriv'.  
Sence de Lawd put life into us, why he put us hyeah—to live!

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

## HOLD DOT FORT FOR VE VOS COMING.

Haul in der plank, full speed ahead—  
Undt so dose shteamers sailed away.  
Undt tears undt prayers dose ships go mit.  
Undt aching hearts behind dem shtay.  
Vhen dose ships pass der Golden Gate,  
Undt dot Pacific's swell dey feel,  
Vat strike deir pows, vat lap deir sides  
Undt quiver dem from truck to keel.

Say, den a chill vos in mein blood,  
I lifd mein eyes opp to der sky,  
Undt from each ship vat sailed away,  
I see Old Glory masthead high.  
'Mein Gott,' I cried: 'I vos ol't mans,  
But nefer I see dot before.  
Dot Yankee ships mit soltjer poys,  
Vos sailing for a foreign shore.'

'Mit swords undt peestois, undt mit guns—  
Mit all war's horrid tools they go.  
To haf a picnic?—No, Mein Gott.  
To pattle mit a foreign foe.  
I'd gif von halluf ov mein life,  
Ohf by Manila I could shtand,  
Vhen Dewey hear dose vistles scream,  
Undt Merritt shake dot heroe's hand.'

Some kings what lif across der sea.  
Undt Emperor Villiam he vas one—  
Dey shpeak mean dings der Yankees ov.  
Undt Villiam he haf blenty fun.  
Vell Villiam, all your poys vat lif  
In Yankee land, dey vos true blue.  
But in der faderland—oh, vell—  
Ven Shpain vos licked ve shpeak mit you.

HANS VON DUNKERFOODLE.

## THE PRIVATE'S SONG.

It's nothin' more or less than the old, old story—  
The private does the fightin' an' the General gets the glory!  
But away  
To the fray.  
For we're in it to obey—  
The private does the fightin' an' the General draws the pay.

Nothin' more or less than the old, old story—  
The Cap'n's an' the Colonels an' the Generals get the glory!

But we'll fight  
All in sight;  
For we're in it for the right;  
God keep the Generals hearty till the bugles blow "good-night!"

—Atlanta Constitution.